

CHURCH MATTERS.

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Sunday school prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 p. m. Week day prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meet ing. Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings at 7:45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:15 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—From street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)—Liberty street—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 7:30 p. m., except first Sunday in month, when it is at 3:45 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART—Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First mass, 8:30 a. m. High mass, 10:30 a. m. Vespers 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL—Held in Berkeley Schoolhouse, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATERSIDE M. E. CHURCH—Rev. J. Coward, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watertown)—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; evening service, 7:30. Sunday school, 3 p. m.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John M. Eisinger, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:45 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale)—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOPE CHAPEL—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m. John G. Broughton, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Friday evening.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL CLASS—Rev. W. H. Brodhead, teacher. Held at First Presbyterian Sunday-school rooms every Friday evening during the month of October. Commencing at 8 p. m. All interested in the Sunday-school lessons are very cordially invited to attend.

The Hose Parade.

To the Citizen: When one wants to write something for the papers very much indeed and does not know what to write about, he takes it upon himself to growl. Ergo, I growl. Referring to our "Hose Cart" March on Monday evening last. As one of the "Cavalry" I should like to suggest through your valuable medium, that before we have another parade, that the grand marshal confer with the captains of the several companies, and have an understanding as to which is the right of the line. And also that they all agree upon a line of march and all know it. The horsemen were assigned a position upon the bleak Berkely hill and told to stand there, which we did until we saw signs of a move down below. About that time we began to feel slightly uneasy left alone up there in the dark, and we said, Cadmus, is something wrong. So we dispatched our captain on his snow white charger to the grand marshal, to make inquiry; he brought word back that we had the right of the line, and to "stay there and hold it." We did so, and pretty soon saw that we did have the right of the line, because we were like the school boy who had reached the head of his class, because his class consisted of "me and another girl, and she stayed away that day." We waited until we saw the rear end of the procession move slowly away in the dim distance, and then realized that we were left in both senses of the word, and in order to reach our proper position had to "double track," in a roundabout way, and head off the whole business to get our rights. Hardcastle, the aid, said we obeyed orders and got left. A word to the wise is sufficient. H. M. F.

Notes on the "Parade" from an Outsider.

To the Citizen: No doubt your columns will contain a most glowing account of the parade of last evening in which the precision of marching, fine uniforms, brilliant torches, resounding cannon, magnificent hose carriage, and above all the beautiful and touching affiliation of the otherwise warring organizations, will be most fittingly described, but the description will, unless I am mistaken, be altogether from one point of view, and as it is always good and instructive to look at these things from two or more points of view, I propose to try and give one other.

We decided to go; when I say we I mean Mrs. K. decided, and that, of course, settled it. It was dark when we started and the way was very thorny, you see I am an "outsider." In other words, I live in the suburbs, and gas hasn't reached us yet, and the roads are not very good and are full of stones. I wonder why it is that all the stones get into our roads; I never see so many in the fields and they don't have them to any such extent in the village, there seems to be some special attraction in these roads on the

outskirts for stones, they increase and multiply too to a most alarming extent, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the town fathers to keep them out and the army of workmen they constantly employ for this purpose. I never saw anyone working on them myself, but then of course they do because we outsiders pay our taxes regularly and receive what we are considered entitled to in return.

Well, Mrs. K. and I picked our way, carefully stepping on all the loose stones and stumbling over all the many intricacies of the road amid the confusing gleams of a distant gas lamp on the main avenue, finally succeeding in groping to the "centre," our frances raked and nearly dislocated by the frequent jolts and wrenchings resulting from the inequalities of the route. But what will not one go through to see a parade, and then too the greatest parade by common consent that Bloomfield has ever seen; we could hear the strains of music, the beating of drums, and see the light from a thousand torches in the distance, and our enthusiasm was wrought up to the highest pitch, we were prepared to scream ourselves hoarse when the procession should appear, and all acknowledged that such a sight was well worth living for. Our friend's house was resplendent with light, candles and gas shone from every window, lanterns illuminated the lawn, various colored fire was strewn around only needing the torch to add to the glory of the occasion when the proper moment should arrive: Roman candles were placed in readiness to shed their lustre on the scene, and all held themselves expectant. Soon the head of the column appeared approaching in our direction, it came no nearer, passed to the right, and the long line of light gradually faded in the distance, whether into the canal or some other sequestered spot deponit saeth not; it is rumored that the leaders became lost in the labyrinths about those regions and forgot entirely the published route in their anxiety to escape and return to safety and refreshment at the "centre." At all events the procession didn't pass on our side; the illuminations were carefully removed, the fireworks laid by for a more propitious occasion, and no one in that little company can be made to affirm that there was any processional in Bloomfield. Mrs. K. and I wandered sadly home, there were more snags and more pitfalls than when we came, and we hadn't even the invigorating sense of a recent pleasure to lighten and cheer our way. We have come to the conclusion that parades in Bloomfield are a delusion and a snare, and no matter what glowing accounts of the event your columns may contain they will not console us, for our only recollection is one of disappointment and fearful dangers barely escaped. All this comes from living in the suburbs; but we shan't always live in the suburbs for some day we shall annex Bloomfield to our end of the town, when wee betide those who now so calmly forget our existence.

I have since learned that the procession found its way out of the canal and the regions roundabout, and actually came into our neighborhood, and that I ought to have stood at home. Some people always are doing the wrong thing and getting into difficulties in consequence, and a consciousness that perhaps I am one of these adds to my chagrin. September 23d, 1884. OUTSIDER.

Ancient History Continued.

To the Citizen: It is not my purpose to go into a full review of the "Ancient History" given in your columns by C. N. Boeve; but so sick at heart am I with the boasted "financial achievements" of the Republican party that I cannot altogether hold my peace. It is "a financial achievement" to boast of that which is now locking up millions and millions of dollars in the treasury, while our business men are failing and our workers are idle and starving for want of it? Money is the life-blood of industry. Suppose a physician should tell you of a great "medical achievement," and show you a pint of blood drawn from a weak and gasping victim. "See all this blood I have collected from this man!" he exclaims, while you would think, and probably say, "That doctor is either a fool or crazy or a murderer in disguise." To-day the industrial population of this country is weak and helpless, because the life-blood of industry has been drawn from its veins; and yet we boast of "financial achievements."

Is it "a record to be proud of" to sell bonds for money worth fifty cents on the dollar and pay them with money worth one hundred cents on the dollar? Doubtless the bondholders think it is; but how about the people who work to pay them? I cost a thousand dollars to buy a copy of a periodical you approve, and in itself improving.

And now, to end in a gentler spirit than that which I have indulged as to our friends, the composers and proof readers, in noting their embellishments, which are not embellishments, let me add a correction of a more serious error of inconsideration in your pleasant town, by observing that as Bloomfield has now a good paper that is a credit to it, as well as a Village Improvement Association (with its good and wise old president, Dr. Davis), which has already given good reasons for its being, and may still others, why should it not move gracefully a step farther, and add to its attractions—the attractions of its beautiful village green, its beautiful old church, its pleasant Park House, its abundant supply of good water, its spirit-filled Fire Laddies' Company, and the like—a little well appointed library and reading room?

Of course I don't wish to be as venomous as truth—and there is nothing so stingy as truth where it is not flattering, you know—but there has not been a little inconsideration here in your otherwise attractive town? Is there not love of books enough in Bloomfield, and of their gentle ministers, and the beautiful offices they serve, and considerate liberality sufficient in its more prosperous and public spirited citizens for that? Surely, there is no purer and more refining love than the love of pen and elevating letters, and shall Bloomfield be permitted to suffer from the absence of that ennobling influence? I am sure my son will aid in any generous effort to remedy this consideration.

Truly yours, C. N. BOEVE.
New York, Sept. 22, 1884.

dollars per annum" it would to-day take more bushels of wheat, or more day's labor to pay our interest-bearing debt than at the close of the war? Let him figure on it and give us the result and then tell us how long it will take at that rate to bring about the great "financial achievement" of freeing this country from the bondage of debt. The legislation of the Republican party has made the rich of this country richer at the expense of the industrial classes. Not only this—we are paying millions to foreign bondholders. To call this "an honorable record" and one to be "proud of" seems like gloating in their shame.

I had no intention when I began writing at such length, but I cannot close without an allusion to the "Legal Tender decision" and the "financial heresies of the Greenback party." It is rather surprising to hear one of these alluded to as good and the other as bad. The "Greenback heresy," for which Greenbackers have been called "crazy," is the doctrine lately confirmed by the Supreme Court that the government has, through its Congress, the right to issue its own money. For this they have stood and will stand until the people recognize not only the right but the duty to do so.

This article is much shorter than the "Ancient History" alluded to, and I earnestly hope that you will give it space in your columns, which seem to me very liberal. If it is true you cannot as conscientious men wish to suppress it. If it is error probably THE CITIZEN has sufficient ability to make the truth look all the brighter and better by contrast with it.

C. B. WHITING,
SOUTHBURY, Conn., Sept. 22, 1884.

A Correction of "A Correction." To the Citizen:

THE COMPLETE ANGLES OR THE CONTENTS PLATINUM'S RECREATION, OF IZAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON. Edited by John Major.—From the Fourth London Edition.—New York, 1884. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place, pp. lxi, 418.

Few books have been better loved than this old favorite. Izak Walton, its author, gained by its means the title of "The Father of Angling," and no volume since his day has ever eclipsed the completeness of his own. He was a London linen-draper, (born 1593, died 1633, in his 91st year), a man of excellent scholarship, fine taste, notable friendships and accurate observation. As the biographer of George Herbert, the brother-in-law of Bishop Ken, and the father-in-law of Dr. William Hawkins, Prelate of Winchester Cathedral, his fame is almost ecclesiastical. Allibone's list of editors of the *Complete Angler* shows thirty-seven (of which the present is No. xxvii), and the names of the editors and publishers include such men as the naturalist Jesse, and the bibliographers, H. G. Bohn and John Major, while the firms of Pickering and Bell & Daldy, and John Murray, and Little, Brown & Co., have not disdained to give the work their imprint. The late Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D., himself an enthusiastic fisherman, prepared what is, perhaps, the most elaborate edition of all the year 1847. His extensive library, from which he drew the materials for these copious notes, was purchased at his death by Robert W. Coleman, of Cornwall, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, who enlarged it with

the bibles of George Herbert, Jesse, and

John Major, while the firms of

Pickering and Chatto, and

Longman, Rees, Orme, and Brown, have

also bought the book.

It is a good trout, for you are to note that the great old trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hole, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form, for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great trout feeds very boldly."

Every page of this fine, fresh, old book has a pleasant savor to the fisherman—and, even to one who, though no fisherman, delights in the contemplative and genial mood of the author. And this review cannot be better concluded than by honest Izak's own confession (p. 229):

"I will tell you, Scholar, I once heard one say, 'I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do, I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do.' And such a man is likely to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young anglers."

Lundborg's Perfume, Edina. Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Nicé Rose. Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet. Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

wherein he lived. He believes barnacle geese (p. 30), and in fishes spontaneously generated (p. 188), and in a river of the Jews which stopped work one day in seven (p. 28). But on the other hand he is curiously accurate as to the things that come under his observation. Can any picture be truer than this, for instance?

"I say in a quiet or dead place near to some swift [rapids], there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good trout in the hole to which you will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog, or water-rat, or mouse, that swims between him and the sky; these he hunts after he sees the water but wrinkle and move in one of these dead holes, where these great old trout usually lie near to their holds; for you are to note that the great old trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hole, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form, for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great trout feeds very boldly."

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N. B.—Trunks and Harness repaired neatly at short notice.

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